

The Musical World.

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HERR REICHARDT begs to inform his friends that he has left town for Edinburgh, to resume his operatic engagement, and will return in the beginning of April. All communications may be addressed—Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

SIGNOR and MADAME F. LABLACHE beg to announce that their Annual Classes for Vocal and Concerted Music for Ladies only will be resumed on Monday, the 21st of January, at half-past two.—149, Albany-street, Regent's-park.

MDLE. PAWLOWSKY, Professor of the Pianoforte, and Singing. Applications respecting terms, &c., may be addressed to Messrs. Lambert & Co., 315, Oxford-street.

WANTED in a Music-warehouse, a young man, thoroughly acquainted with business, and capable of playing on the cornet-a-pistons and concertina. Send full particulars to X, "Musical World" Office, 28, Holles-street.

TO MUSIC-SELLERS' ASSISTANTS.—Wanted in a large provincial town, a Gentleman (unmarried) of good address and business habits, who is thoroughly competent to take a first position. He must be able to play the Pianoforte sufficiently to read at sight, and will be required to reside in the house, and board himself. Applications, with terms and testimonials, to be addressed "M. B., Musical World Office."

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION IN THE ART OF POETICAL ELOCUTION, as adapted to the several purposes of Speaking, Reading, and Singing, by the Rev. HUGH HUTTON, M.A. Select Classes for the study of the elder English Poets, and the practice of General Elocution.—Address—No. 2, Provost-road, Haverstock-hill.

M. JULLIEN.—Royal Conservatory of Music, 213, Regent-street. Applications for admission into the classes for orchestral instruments received every Thursday until further notice. Full particulars of the laws and rules will be shortly advertised.

MAD. CONSTANTINI will give her First Grand Evening Concert on Tuesday, 26th January, in the St. George's Hall, Liverpool; under the patronage of T. B. Horsfall and J. G. Ewart, Esqrs., Members for the Borough. Vocalists—Madame Constantini, Mrs. Matthews, Mr. G. Perren, Signor Veroni, and Mr. H. Braham. Organ—Mr. W. T. Best. Flute—Master Radcliffe.

MR. CHARLES FIELD'S MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS every Monday night at Shaftesbury Hall, Aldersgate-street; every Tuesday night at the St. Pancras Athenaeum, George-street, Euston-square; and every Wednesday night at the Royal Soho Theatre, Dean-street, Soho, supported by first-rate talent—commencing at eight.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—On Saturday, the 26th instant, the Centenary of the Birth-day of Mozart (Sunday the 27th) the Music will be selected entirely from his compositions, including the Overture to Idomeneo, the Symphony in E flat, Sonata in B flat (Strinasacchi) for Piano and Violin, Concerto for Clarinet and Songs. Vocalists—Miss Grace Alleyne and Miss Palmer. The Music will be performed in the room near the Queen's apartments, commencing at half-past two.

MUSIC HALL, SURREY STREET, SHEFFIELD.—Concert Parties, Lecturers, and Exhibitors, may obtain all particulars of charges, &c., by application to the Secretary, who will be happy to undertake all local arrangements connected with Concerts, &c. W. E. EVANS, Secretary. Music Warehouse, 51, Norfolk-street, Sheffield, late Dawson's.

MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT LIND.—HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—Mr. Mitchell respectfully announces that MR. and MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT'S SECOND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL, will take place at the above Rooms on Friday evening next, January 25, to commence at 8 o'clock. Programme and full particulars will be duly announced. Conductor, M. Benedict. Reserved and numbered seats, 1 guinea; unreserved seats, 10s. 6d. The tickets will be appropriated according to the order of application and no more will be issued than the room can conveniently accommodate. Application for tickets to be made at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

MISS BESSIE DALTON at the Royal Panopticon every evening. For Programme of Concert, see Catalogue of the Institution.

MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT-LIND.—Exeter Hall.—Mendelssohn's Elijah.—Mendelssohn's oratorio of ELIJAH will be repeated at Exeter Hall, on MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 21, 1856. Principal singers—Madame Jenny Goldschmidt, Miss Dolby, Miss Messent, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Lawler, and Mr. Lockey. The chorus and orchestra will consist of more than six hundred performers. Conductor—M. Benedict. Prices of admission—Stalls (numbered and reserved), £1 1s.; unreserved seats (body of the hall), 10s. 6d.; west gallery, 10s. 6d.; area (under west gallery), 7s. The tickets will be appropriated according to the order of application; no more will be issued than the room can conveniently accommodate. Doors open at seven; to commence at eight o'clock precisely. Correct books of the oratorio are given with the tickets. Application for tickets to be made at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

J. and J. ERAT, patent harp and pianoforte manufacturers, 23, Berners-street, Oxford-street, have always on hand an assortment of second-hand INSTRUMENTS. Repairs of all kinds attended to. Harps and pianofortes for hire, strings, and every requisite always on hand.

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DE BERIOT AND NORDMANN.—Just Published. Mourecau de Salon, pour le Piano, founded on the celebrated 6th Air of De Beriot, by Rudolf Nordmann. Of this popular composition the *Sunday Times* says, "The whole forms an extremely agreeable piece, and will specially recommend itself to players of moderate pretension for its capability of yielding considerable effect at a very moderate expenditure of trouble." Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

LA MIA LETIZIA, BY NORDMANN.—A very brilliant and effective piece on the celebrated cavatina from Lombardi. Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

HANDEL.—TWELVE NEW SACRED SONGS, arranged by R. ANDREWS. Extra subscription copies, 7s. 6d., may be had of Mr. Andrews, 84, Oxford-street, Manchester. Sent post free.

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ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. C. STEPHENS *in re* HIS SYMPHONY.*To the Editor of The Musical World.*

SIR,—Your correspondent, "An English Musician," in deploring the difficulty of English composers obtaining a hearing for any work of pretension, refers, among other parties, to myself, "whose symphony in G minor was played at one of the concerts of the Harmonic Union, and who not only paid for the copying of the parts, but for tickets, which he was obliged to take in order to secure a chance," etc., etc. As an act of simple justice to the directors of the Harmonic Union, I beg to say that your correspondent is entirely in error in that part of his statement which I have italicised. The MS. of my symphony had been forwarded to the society in consequence of an announcement, in the directors' original prospectus, of their purpose to bring forward unknown works, which might be found eligible, by native composers. About a year afterwards, I received notice from the secretary that my work had been chosen for performance, and neither then, nor at any subsequent time, was any such condition even hinted at as that so confidently asserted by your correspondent. On the contrary, I was presented with several free admissions for the occasion in which I was specially interested.

As a further evidence of the disinterestedness of the directors in this matter, I beg to add that not one of them was personally known to me. Indeed, I was, and still am, unacquainted with even their names, with the exception of that of the president, which appeared in their prospectus. I afterwards learnt that my symphony had been chosen for performance on the report of the conductor, Mr. Benedict, to whom it had, in due course, been submitted, and I am not sorry to have an opportunity of thus publicly testifying to the liberality and disinterestedness of that gentleman, to whom, at that time, I also was an entire stranger, and who received my MS. without any introduction or recommendation whatever.

I am very far from stating these facts with any view to controvert the opinion of your correspondent as to the extreme difficulty of English composers obtaining even a hearing. On the contrary, my own experience and observation enable me, with the greatest regret, to largely confirm that opinion; and there is no one who, than myself, would more heartily co-operate to bring about a different state of things, if that could be done without the eliquery to which your correspondent refers—the sure root of non-success. But my present object in addressing you is simply to perform an act of justice to the directors of the Harmonic Union, who, in the one transaction in regard to which it is in my power to speak, entirely belied a statement so confidently made by your correspondent, "An English Musician."

I am, etc.,

CHAS. E. STEPHENS.

2, Howley-place, Maida-hill West,
Jan. 14th, 1856.MR. J. H. GRIESBACH, *in re* HIS DANIEL.*To the Editor of The Musical World.*

SIR,—Having read a letter in the *Musical World* published on January 12th, 1856, signed "An English Musician, Birmingham, Clarendon Hotel, January 9th," from which I extract the following passage in allusion to the performance of my oratorio, *Daniel*, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, on June 30th, 1854: "The generous appreciation extended to Mr. Griesbach, (who paid the expenses of one performance) by the Sacred Harmonic Society, CANNOT HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN—"

I beg to remark, that the last four words of the extract are undoubtedly true, for this reason, that what never took place, never could be known, and therefore "cannot have been forgotten!" Every word of the parenthesis is utterly false. The Sacred Harmonic Society paid all the expenses of the performance of *Daniel*, and spared no trouble or expense in the getting up, and, in justice to the Directors and members of the Society, I beg to state that on all occasions I received from them the kindest attention.

This, sir, is the second time that this untruth has been published in the *Musical World*. The first was in an article on the proceedings of the Sacred Harmonic Society during, or immediately after, the season when the performance of *Daniel* took place: my attention was called to it by a friend, for the first time, some months after the publication; had I seen it at the time I should have contradicted it; and, in justice to the directors and members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, I cannot allow this second false statement to pass without notice from,

Sir, yours &c., J. HENRY GRIESBACH,

19, Carlton-road, Maida Vale.

January 17th, 1856.

THE LATE MR. LINDLEY.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*11, Avenue-terrace, Camberwell,
January 16, 1856.

DEAR SIR,—In glancing at the various busts of the sons of genius at the Crystal Palace, the other day, methought there was one absent who well deserves to share a place, not only there, but in Westminster Abbey. I allude to the late glorious Robert Lindley. If he, who for upwards of fifty years sustained his fame as an unrivalled violoncellist, on whose impassioned and surprising performances multitudes were wont to listen with enchantment and delight, and whose fine head was the subject of admiration everywhere—if he has not claims upon the public memory, I greatly err, indeed. Trusting, sir, you will give insertion to this, with the view to the accomplishment of what I sincerely conceive to be a deserved tribute to one whose charming gifts will live in the memory of thousands, though he may fail to obtain a monument of sculptured stone.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

JOSHUA RHODES,

Formerly a Violoncellist in the S.H.S.

CHAPPELL AGAINST DAVIDSON.

MR. DANIEL and MR. SELWYN moved on behalf defendant, to dissolve injunction granted by Vice-Chancellor Wood, November 6th, 1855. The order was to restrain defendant, servants, and agents, from printing, publishing, selling, exposing for sale, or otherwise disposing of the song "Minnie, dear Minnie," or any copy thereof, or any other publication containing a colourable imitation of the song or words, name, title or title-page, until the hearing of the cause, or further order. The learned counsel stated that plaintiffs carried on business under three firms of "Chappell and Company," "Cramer, Addison, and Beale," and "Jullien and Company," and defendant was a music publisher in a large way of business; that the first intimation of the grant of injunction was the service of order in August, although the bill was filed in July; and though proved in evidence that plaintiffs knew of the sale of defendant's song on the 18th of June; and, though plaintiffs had in July served upon defendant a notice not to sell two other songs alleged to be piracies of plaintiffs' song, and did not in such notice make any complaint of defendant's production, "Minnie, dear Minnie."

There was some discussion whether plaintiffs could maintain injunction and not be required to bring an action, which for defendant was contended could be done.

MR. ROLT and MR. CHAPMAN BARBER, for plaintiffs, said that defendant had fraudulently represented his song as that of plaintiffs; had, in short, represented his wares as those sold by them, which, from numerous cases decided, could not be permitted; that it was admitted on all hands that the air of "Minnie" was not copyright; that Messrs. Chappell had covenanted with M. Jullien to pay him 400*l.* a-year for the privilege of having songs published by them sung at his concerts, which everybody knew had attained great popularity; that, pursuant to this arrangement plaintiffs' song "Minnie" was sung there and attracted great notice; that Mr. Linley had been engaged to write words and arrange the accompaniment; that the effect of defendant placing the portrait of Madame Anna Thillon on title page led the public to believe that it was the song of the plaintiffs, although defendant did not in words allege it was sung by that lady; that such a course could not have been adopted for any other purpose, than the fraudulent one of misleading the public; that if plaintiffs had given notice not to sell the other two printed songs, it did not justify the act of defendant, and plaintiffs could not give notice as to their song because they could not obtain a copy, as defendant's agent said it was out of print. The title page of defendant's song, with the portrait, led the public to believe that it was the song sung by Madame Anna Thillon under the name of "Minnie," and published by plaintiffs; and, finally, that this Court could decide the question as well as any jury, and that the parties ought not to be put to the expense of an action.

Their LORDSHIPS considered it was not safe to continue the injunction unless an action was brought, the case being especially fit to be submitted to a jury, and that plaintiffs must agree to be answerable in damages.

Plaintiffs agreed to bring the action within ten days, and to be answerable in damages. Execution not to issue without leave of the Court.

MOZART'S "DON GIOVANNI."

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from page 18.)

THE FINALE (continued).

COMMONLY when musicians would excite terror, they do not seek to produce it through an *ensemble* of effects mutually connected and subordinated to an indivisible whole. They rather heap effects upon effects, than really combine them; their often very felicitous and very fine, but almost always rather heterogeneous inventions bear no other relation but a continual overbidding of one by another, which naturally pushes matters to extremes. We could not blame the composers for that, if they reached their end; and it might indeed be hard for a man of talent to fail in this way. By this chaos of dissonances, these frantic modulations, this wild roar of the orchestra, this tumult and disorder, there must necessarily be some terror produced; but it is an outward and material terror, about as much as in the melodrama. We cite as a masterpiece the conclusion of the phantasmagoric scene in the *Freysschütz*. According to this system the apparition in our opera could not and ought not at all to be treated. For it is perfectly homogeneous and perfectly connected in all its parts; the alternations of light and shade, of *forte* and *piano*, of dissonance and harmony, succeed each other regularly; the somewhat hastened *tempo* towards the end does not cease to be moderate. All this is regular and correct, and does not look very black, but almost quiet, upon paper. And yet what are the terrors of the wolf's glen, what are all poetical and musical terrors put together, before this terror, which, from the very beginning: "Don Giovanni, a cenar teco m'invitasti, e son venuto" (Don Giovanni, to sup with thee thou hast invited me, and I have come) seems to have reached the highest pitch, but which continues to loom higher and higher, till it overshadows one with its gigantic wings; which penetrates at once the sense, the heart, and the imagination, and finally in its inexorable progress reaches even to the sphere of intellect, and awakens irresistibly dark and cheerless thoughts? One shudderingly asks himself whether all that is within us must not somewhere in the same way reproduce itself without us, and whether the most awful visions of the soul, here realized by musical analogy, will not some day clothe themselves with a more substantial body and in still more positive forms than this analogy. Hear those chords continually awaying to and fro upon a uniform rhythm, but which at every repetition of the outward words, resounding from the phantom's mouth, have a more mournful and heart-rending sound! and that *unisono* from the other world, upon unwonted intervals so alien to every human mood of feeling! and that quaking of the orchestra upon the hideous discord of the minor second, and those long, sighing scales, ascending and descending, which howl and struggle in vain, amid a despairing modulation, against the fatal note which still inflexibly pursues and crowds and strangles them!

Hear it! This is the meaning of the speech, those are the real words of the apparition; this is death and judgment and damnation; this is the climax and the moral of the whole piece. Great God, what a moral! This at least is in no danger of being so speedily forgotten as the other conclusions which proceed from dramatic justice, while they let vice be punished and innocence triumph. Poor dramatic justice! Will not vice always say to it: "You are completely mistress, to order the events of a theatrical piece according to your liking, and to make me talk as you see fit. I, vice, who do not play comedy, I laugh at it. Scourge me as much as you please with moral tirades, which you put into my mouth; hang me in effigy; I from my box or from my seat among the first rank will not fail to be the first to clap applause, provided all goes well with me as usual in the world." What will dramatic justice answer him to that? I cannot say, but I know perfectly well what the composer of the *Disoluto punito* could have replied to it, namely the following: So far from delivering you to the judgment of others, I do not even deliver you to the pangs of conscience, which would have been self-judgment. On the contrary, in my piece you reckless and unpunished trample mankind under foot. No one is strong enough

to punish you. I invent nothing against you, but I create a *reality* outside of events, words, and actions; and in this reality can neither you nor any one mistake the authentic type, the living impress of a deeply sinful soul, in the hour in which all fades away from it, all, even the hope of nothingness. The only fact which I suppose, is the coming of the white man, and thou knowest that the white man will come for thee as for every one."

Moreover, what advantages Mozart concedes to vice, when he at last introduces the inevitable visitor! Where is the great conscious sinner, who could flatter himself he could receive him like Don Juan? To enable ourselves to judge of this, we will try the other half of the dialogue, the sublime opposed to the sublime. Of the two reciting voices, here united as if in a duet, the first supports itself upon the total forces of the orchestra; this is the phantom with the terrors in its train, armed with all the power of a divine attorney. The other voice is weakly accompanied. This is the man, in utter destitution of all that constituted his outward power, delivered over hopeless and defenceless to the iron arm of necessity. In this fearful combat only the individual Will keeps him upright; but this among all the faculties of man is just the most real and the strongest, and it comes out here with a sublime grandeur, which the rôle of Don Giovanni has in no other place approached. "Non l'avrai giammai creduto, ma farò quel che potrò" (I should never have believed it, but I will do what I can.) A certain residuum of anxiety betrays itself in this passage, the first which Don Juan addresses to the ghost of the Commander, and during which you hear two violin figures, which have already been marked at the beginning of the overture, of which one is melodious and mournful, the other a murmuring accompaniment, like the night breeze creeping over the grass of the church-yard. But as soon as the long period, in which those terrible scale passages roll away, is at an end, Giovanni recovers his self-possession: "Parla dunque! che chiedi?" (Speak then! what do you want?) Never was anything grander uttered on the stage. And when he adds: "Parla, parla, ascoltando ti stò" (Speak, I stand listening), sympathy and wonder reach their height, and there is not one among the audience, who does not feel tempted to exclaim: Mercy, mercy on the noble sinner! During this period, which closes in A minor, the ground note sounds on, like a muffled, dreadful funeral bell, alone amid the awful silence of the voices. One feels that unheard of things are preparing.

Suddenly the thunders of the spectre, striking in upon this monotonous death-knell, awaken a succession of chords which would be difficult even for a grammarian to analyze; a series in which the chromatic and the enharmonic are so mingled and blended, that the ear knows no longer where it is, nor whence it comes, nor whither it goes, and the imagination utterly gives way under the terrible and swift succession of the images by which it is overwhelmed. It is like an inward mirror, in which compactly and in countless number the enormities of a whole life full of sin are mirrored. Every heart-beat calls up a new shape of terror, which the hurricane of the *crescendo* instantly chases away, to put other shapes of terror in their places, which in their turn are also swept away. The whole are linked together in a waving line of fearful arabesques buried in flames. Rising a semitone in every phrase, the spectre reaches the highest tones of his vocal register, and closes his indescribable period upon the dominant chord of B flat minor.

In this new key, in the character of a grand reminiscence, the double figure of the violins again becomes perceptible; the dialogue is more condensed. A voice, which seems to penetrate the clouds and cleave the earth, asks Giovanni if he is ready for the journey? "Ri-sòl-vi! Ver-ra-i!" The sinner answers: "Ho fermo il core in pette; non hò timor, verrò" (I have a firm heart in my breast; I have no fear; I will go.) A defiant outburst of heroism, which is supported by imitative passages of astonishing power. The phantom, which till then has been immovable, stretches out his hand to Don Giovanni, who reaches him his. An icy chill runs through the veins of the desperate Epicurean. The pain tears from him a shriek; *Ohimè!* From this bar, the *tempo* of the somewhat hastened andante gains by degrees the fire and vivacity of an allegro, through the more frequent interchange of the phrases of the dialogue, and through the waving

which manifests itself in the instrumental figures. The *tremolo* seizes even the lowest stratum of the harmony; the abyss yawns and ferments in expectation of its prey. Passages of the bass, which remind you closely of the duel scene, come roaring in like rising waves, and like them fall back from their highest summit into the deep from which they raised themselves. Let us admire the deeply considered motives of the musician. These sweeps of bass, these powerful attacks, the colossal type of the last brave deed of the Commander's arm, call out no imitation in the other voices; that is to say, they meet with no parade now, as in the earthly duel. The violins, which in so murderous a manner guided Giovanni's sword, are no longer here to parry off the blows. The sword now lies a useless tool at its master's feet; for he cannot kill the Commander twice. From his veins there is no blood to be drawn, and Don Giovanni's blood is frozen in the hand of his invulnerable adversary. The retribution is frightful. The victor in the first act is challenged to confess his downfall. Already gleams over the sinner's head, suspended by a hair, the sword of everlasting punishment, which always hits and always kills. "E l'ultimo momento! pentiti scelerato! pentiti, pentiti" (It is the last moment! repent, wicked one, repent!) and this down-crushing summons, to which Giovanni steadfastly answers *no*, rolls away each time thundering like the echo of hell, until the last grain has run from the invisible hour-glass, which measures the period of delay. The mission of the Commander is achieved; the irrevocable word falls upon the lost one in heavy and long choral notes; the harmony dies away in unison; the spectre has vanished.

If the conclusion had been executed in the moment that it was announced; if Giovanni had fallen dead at the feet of the Commander and the curtain with him, then would the end have crowned the work, and Mozart, exalted to the pillars of Hercules in musical art, would have remained standing *ubi defuit orbis*, like those seekers after hyperborean lands, who could not continue their voyage any further, because they had reached the end of the world. But certain considerations allowed neither the poet nor the musician to terminate the opera, or at least the supernatural scene in this way. Da Ponte, as a skillful literary job worker, thoroughly acquainted with the public of his time, as well as with the conditions of scenic effect in general, reasoned quite justly, that the title of the piece: *Il Dissoluto punito*, and the expectation awakened by this title, would hardly seem justified unless we saw the punishment, for among a thousand individuals who understand perfectly well how to see an opera, it is lucky if you can count ten who understand how to hear it. For this reason the damnation and the hell had to be made visible to the eye. The poet therefore caused the man of marble, who in his libretto is a pretty paltry machine, to be followed by something more solid and more striking to the eyes, "un coro di spettri" (chorus of spectres), ghosts, larvæ, furies, devils—the court of Pluto in grand gala. We know how our ancestors enjoyed this classical pomp. Don Juan, whom the composer has allowed to stand out through the most frightful moral torments, is after these delivered up to physical torments also: "Che m'agita le viscere!" a bold image, which transcended Da Ponte's age, and at which Mozart did not hold it necessary to stop. To him, the musician, who understood how to translate the most heart-rending cry with perfect naturalness, it would have been easy to represent the desperate pangs from the inmost vitals quite as naturally; but he was far from suspecting what a fruitful vein these medico-chirurgical operations would open to the theatre.

We have adduced the motives of the poet, let us now hear those of the composer. Mozart must have perceived, that it was impossible to close the last final, with a scene in the *tempo* of andante, which is by all odds the most important in the piece, and which ends *pp* with some whole notes, sung by a single voice, which fade out in the orchestra, like the shadow itself. Accordingly he saw, that after a piece of such psychological subtlety and depth, it would be fitting to raise the soul again, which has been cast down by so many fearful shocks, and that at the close some fire-works must be let off for the ear, just as Da Ponte had felt the need of a brilliant concluding piece for the eyes. For his reason he appended to the andante an allegro of fifty measures

and not more; this is mere music of effect, required by the tumult on the stage and also by the scenic uproar, since there is no mightier ally than uproarious music in such cases. This is all very well; it does not last long, and everybody goes away contented. So we will not concern ourselves as to what sort of a spectacle they will afford us, or whether the gentleman managers, scene-painter, costumiers and machinists still continue to create their world after the ideal of a simpleton. They must pardon me this expression; but is it credible, that we, the spectators of the nineteenth century, we who at last comprehend what Don Juan is, are still invariably doomed to see the final scene of the wonderful masterpiece transported into the mythological Tartarus, swarming with a legion of supernumeraries and thereby rendered positively ludicrous, since these are besmeared with every possible color, wear enormous perukes of hemp upon their heads, and dance with smoking and stinking torches round Don Juan.

Certainly it would require no great outlay of fancy, to replace this unworthy mode of representation by another less ridiculous and more appropriate. For have we not the phantasmagoria? Suppose we have threatening spectres flitting in the vacant space, hideous masks, with features distorted with fury or grinning with devilish laughter; mingle with them for contrast's sake a troop of youthful and pale female forms, who have atoned for their love of Giovanni with their lives, and who regard him steadfastly and seem to weep over him. If this picture does not suit the reader, here is another. The trap-doors open and vomit streams of flames; the thunder machine does its utmost in its Olympian retreat; the side pieces of the scene, which does not change, take fire and fall in one by one with a great noise; phantoms fly in all directions through the conflagration. There is no need of our seeing the singing spectres, and instead of the chorus being sung in unison, as it is directed, it might be sung in different octaves. We even think that speaking-tubes would be in place here. In this uproar, Giovanni, abandoned to the demons, although only inwardly, and free in his movements, expresses, more by his acting than his singing, which it would be hard to hear well, the torments which he suffers. And when the closing cadence comes, a long-drawn church cadence, the wall in the back ground falls down, and discloses, in the first beams of the dawn, the spirit of the Commander floating heaven-ward, with the figure of a female kneeling before him on the same cloud. This female holds a palm-leaf in her hand, and a veil conceals her features. A streak of lightning, which proceeds from this heavenly vision, strikes Don Juan, who falls dead amid the ruins of his accursed dwelling.

SUPERFLUOUS CONCLUSION.

How singular! Although both composers of our opera trod in Shakspeare's footsteps in their work, defying the poetical and theatrical style of their age, continually mingling comedy with tragedy, yet both Da Ponte and Mozart felt themselves obliged to yield to the most arbitrary rule that ever was imposed upon the lyric drama; the rule, namely, which requires that all the characters should come together at the end and form a straight line in the order of their vocal registers, to thank the public for the signs of approbation or displeasure which have fallen to their lot during the representation. At all events our composers need not have followed this conventionalism in all this strictness, inasmuch as the hero of the piece was dead, and the phantom had no second mission which should bring him to make his acknowledgment before the public. So they contented themselves with assembling the survivors, to sing and take their leave, whereby the finale was lengthened out by three extra *tempi*; an allegro assai, a larghetto, and a presto.

We will not examine them; first, because they are never performed on the stage; then, because they form no part of the action; and thirdly, which is the worst thing about it, because they are an absurd lie with regard to the acting persons. Who does not clearly see, that this whole world of passions, fascinations, follies and marvels has irrevocably gone down with him, who was its focus and its moving principle? Anna, the sublime re-action of the moral order of things against the principle which made war upon all its foundations, is no longer Anna. She has ceased to be with the cause that called her forth; she is extinguished, as the fire of heaven was extinguished, after consuming

the doomed cities whose burial places are mirrored by the Dead Sea. So soon as Anna is dead, Ottavio becomes impossible. He is so constituted, that he could not survive his beloved a minute, for she made out his whole musical and dramatic existence. As for Leporello, the physicians will tell you, that he has seen and heard enough during the last two scenes, to entitle him to a provision for life in a mad-house. In fact, his concern is perhaps to go to an inn (*all' osteria*) and there seek out a better master (*padron miglior*.) No, no, Leporello has had and will have but one master all his life. Shall I speak of Elvira? Alas! she sank down senseless, when she left Don Juan. At this moment the poor lady lies sick in bed with a brain fever. She is in for it for six weeks at least. Elvira gathers her friends and relations about her and says to them: "Io men vado in un ritiro a finir la vita mia" (I go into retirement, there to end my days,) that is all, and we can but approve this pious resolution, although it does not concern the audience. There yet remain Zerlina and Masetto. One were glad to suppose, with the poet, that this couple on their wedding day have gone off to sup together (*cenar in compagnia*;) but for the honor of Masetto we must believe that their supper hour has passed long ago. Zerlina, with whom all the relations have ceased that made her a dramatic person, is not the Zerlina of Don Juan, but of Masetto, from this time forward a little wanton gossip, who leads her man round by the nose. In this way the grand figure of Giovanni draws down with him in his fall all that had served him for relief, for setting, or for contrast. All dies or vanishes with him.

The three last *tempi* of the finale therefore are a monstrous violation of all principles of art; but inasmuch as a fault is seldom so easy as this to better, and as it always is bettered on the stage, the evil, I admit, would not be very great, if the music, here suppressed, were no better than its text. Unfortunately this is not the case, and all music lovers will lament with bitterness the lost labor of the splendid fugued chorus: "Questo è il fin di chi fa mal." (This is the end of the evil-doer!)

OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from p. 20.)

ABSOLUTE melody, as we have hitherto employed it in Opera and which, in the absence of its resulting out of a verbal verse necessarily fashioning itself to the melody, we constructed by means of variations out of the melody of the folk's song and the dance, known to us of old, was, properly considered, simply a melody transferred from the instruments to the singing voice. In pursuing this course, we have constantly pictured to ourselves, with involuntary error, the human voice as an orchestral instrument, to be treated merely with especial consideration, and interwoven it, as such, with the orchestral accompaniment. This interweaving was effected, at one time, in the manner I have already mentioned; the human voice, namely, being employed as an essential component part of the instrumental harmony,—but, at another, in such a way that the instrumental accompaniment included, also, the harmonically complete melody, by which the orchestra was indeed rendered an isolated and comprehensive Whole, but, in this isolation, at the same time, revealed the character of the melody as one exclusively peculiar to instrumental music. Through the perfect adoption, which was found necessary, of the melody into the orchestra, the musician acknowledged that this melody was of such a nature that it could be perfectly justified, harmonically, only by the *perfectly similar* tone-mass, and also that it could be intelligibly performed by this tone-mass alone. The singing-voice, in the execution of the melody on this tone-body, harmonically and melodically completely isolated, appeared in reality altogether superfluous, and as a second and distorting head placed upon it. The hearer felt this discrepancy quite involuntarily; he did not understand the melody of the singer until, free from the changing verbal vowels and consonants—obstacles to this melody—which vowels and consonants disturbed him in grasping the absolute melody—he heard it executed only by the instruments. That our most favourite operatic melodies are not, until executed for the public

by the orchestra—as in concerts, and by military bands, or on an harmonic instrument—really understood by the said public, and not familiar to them until they can sing them without words—is a patent fact which ought, long since, to have enlightened us on the completely false treatment of the singing melody in opera. This melody was a singing melody only in so far as it was presented to the human voice according to its mere instrumental quality—a quality in the development of which it was sensibly injured by the consonants and vowels of the verbal words, and for the sake of which the art of singing pursued, also, consistently, a course of development which, as we see now-a-days in the case of modern operatic singers, has attained its most unconstrained and wordless height.

This discrepancy, however, between the tone-colour of the orchestra and the human voice appeared most striking when serious masters of the art of tone exerted themselves for the attainment of characteristic manifestation of the dramatic melody. While retaining involuntarily in their ear, as the sole bond of the purely musical intelligibility of their motives, only the instrumental melody, just mentioned, they endeavoured accurately to determine for it an especial and significant expression in an extraordinarily artificial accompaniment, harmonically and rhythmically accented, of the instruments, reaching from note to note and from word to word, and thus came to the construction of musical periods, in which, the more carefully the instrumental accompaniment was interwoven with the motive of the human voice, the latter manifested, as regards the involuntarily separating ear, of itself, an incomprehensible melody, the explaining conditions of which were contained in an accompaniment, that, separated in its turn involuntarily from the voice, remained in itself an inexplicable chaos for the ear. The error at the bottom of this was, therefore, twofold. In the first place; misconception of the determining essential attributes of the poetical singing melody, which was dragged in, as absolute melody, by the instrumental music; and, in the second place: misconception of the complete distinction between the tone-colour* of the human voice and that of the orchestral instruments, with which the human voice had been mixed up, for the sake of purely musical exigencies.

If it is now incumbent on us clearly to define the especial character of the vocal melody, we shall do so by once again plainly picturing it to ourselves, as not only sprung mentally, but, also, sensuously out of the verbal verse, and dependent upon it. Its origin lies, ideally considered, in the essential attributes of the poetic intentions struggling for intelligibility through the feelings—sensuously considered, in the organ of the understanding, verbal language. From this presupposing origin, it advances in its development to the manifestation of the pure purport of feeling contained in the verbal verse, by means of the resolution of the vowels into the musical tone, up to the point where it turns itself with its purely musical side to the peculiar element of music, out of which element this side alone obtains the realising condition for its manifestation, while it leaves the other side of its total manifestation turned unmoved to the significant element of the verbal language, out of which element it was primitively pre-supposed. In this position, the melody of the verse becomes the uniting and explanatory bond between the language of words and that of tones, as a something created out of the nuptials of poetry with music—as the incarnate moment of love of both arts. At the same time, it is so to a greater degree, and stands higher than the verse of poetry and the absolute melody of

* The abstract musician did not either perceive the perfect blending capability of the tone-colours, for instance, of the piano and violin. A principal component part of the pleasures of his life consisted in playing pianoforte sonatas with the violin, &c., without being aware that he was bringing to light a kind of music that was only something thought, but not presented to the actual ear. Thus, hearing was for him lost in seeing, for what he heard was merely harmonic abstractions, for which, indeed, alone his sense of hearing was still susceptible, while the living flesh of the musical expression necessarily remained completely imperceptible to him.

music, and its manifestation redeeming on two sides—as it results from two sides—becomes possible, for the salvation of both these arts, only by both of them supporting and always justifying their respective plastic, and individually independent manifestation borne by the pre-supposing elements, though decidedly distinct, as such, but never, through an overflowing mingling with it, by effacing their plastic individuality.

If we would illustrate the proper position of this melody towards the orchestra, we can do so in the following metaphor.

We previously compared the orchestra as *overpowerer* of the waves of harmony, with the sea-ship; this was done in the sense that we give the same meaning to "Seefahrt" and "Schiffahrt."* The orchestra, in its character of *overpowered* harmony, as we were afterwards obliged to call it, we may, at present, for the sake of a new and independent simile,† in opposition to the ocean, consider as the deep mountain lake, clear, and illuminated to the very bottom, however, by the sunlight, while the surrounding banks are plainly visible from every point of the lake itself. Out of the trunks of the trees, which sprang from the stony and alluvial soil of the heights, the skiff was now built, which, bound firmly together with iron cramps, and provided with rudder and oars, was so constructed in form and quality as to be borne on the lake, and to be enabled to cleave it. This skiff, placed upon the bosom of the lake, impelled by the strokes of the oars, and guided according to the direction of the rudder, is the *melody of the verse* of the dramatic singer, borne by the sonorous waves of the orchestra. The skiff is something completely different from the bosom of the lake, and yet built and fashioned only with reference to the water, and with a nice consideration of its qualities; on land, the skiff is perfectly unserviceable, and, at most, only useful, after having been broken up into common planks, as fuel for the domestic hearth. On the lake does it first become something joyfully living, borne and yet progressing, moving and yet always at rest, which, as the humanly-represented intention of the heaving lake, that previously appeared without an aim, constantly attracts our eye, when the latter glances over the lake.—Yet the skiff does not float upon the surface of the water; the lake can bear it in a well-defined direction, only when it sinks into the water with that part of its body completely turned towards the latter. A thin plank, simply grazing the surface of the lake, is cast hither and thither, without any particular direction, by the waves, according to the currents, while, on the other hand, a heavy stone necessarily sinks entirely. But the skiff does not sink into the lake only with that part of its body completely turned towards it, but the rudder, also, with which its course is directed, and the oar which impels it in the said course, obtain this determining and propelling power only from their contact with the water, which contact first renders possible the effective pressure of the guiding hand. The oar cuts deep into the resonant surface of the water, with every forward impelling movement; when raised from the surface, it allows the moisture still clinging to it to flow back again in melodious drops.

It is not necessary for me to pursue the simile further, in order to render myself intelligible with regard to the relation between the contact of the melody of the verbal tone of the human voice with the orchestra, for this relation is amply and fully represented in it—a fact which will strike us still more clearly, when we designate the operative melody, properly so speaking, which we all know, as the fruitless attempt of the musician to condense the waves of the lake itself into the skiff to be borne on it.

We have now only to consider the orchestra as an independent element, different, of itself, from the verse-melody we have already mentioned, and clearly to convince ourselves of its capa-

bility, not only by rendering perceptible the harmony presupposing—in a purely musical point of view—the melody, but also by its own peculiar, endlessly-expressive power of speech, of bearing the said melody, as the lake bore the skiff.

CHAPTER V.

The orchestra possesses undeniably a *power of speech*, and the creations of our modern instrumental music have revealed this. We have seen, in Beethoven's symphonies, this power developed to a height whence it felt itself impelled to utter that which, according to its nature, it is precisely incapable of uttering. At present, that we have, in the melody of the verbal verse, presented to it exactly what it could not utter, and assigned it, as bearer of this melody, allied to it, those functions in which—perfectly calm—it shall only utter what alone, according to its nature, it can utter—we have plainly to define this power of speech of the orchestra as being the power of uttering what is *unspeakable*.

This definition is not intended to convey anything merely thought, but something perfectly real and evident to the senses.

We saw that the orchestra is not in any way a complex body of completely similar dissolving tone-capabilities, but that it is composed of a union—to be extended to an immeasurable pitch of abundance—of instruments which, as perfectly determined individualities, determine, also, as an individual manifestation, the tone to be produced upon them. A tone-mass without any such individual determination of its members does not exist at all; it can at most only be imagined, but never realized. What, however, determines this individuality is—as we have seen—the especial peculiarity of the separate instrument, that presupposes, as it were, the vowel of the tone produced through its co-sounding initial syllable as an especial and distinct one. As, now, this co-sounding initial syllable never rises to the significant import, presupposed out of the understanding of the feelings, of the consonant of verbal language, and, moreover, is not capable of the change and, consequently, the changing influence upon the vowel, as the consonant of verbal language is, the tone language of an instrument cannot possibly be condensed into an expression only attainable by the organ of the understanding, namely, verbal language; but as the pure organ of the feelings it only utters precisely that which is unspeakable for the verbal language of itself, and which, considered from our point of view of human understanding, is, therefore, simply *unspeakable*. That this unspeakable element is not of *itself* unspeakable, but merely unspeakable for the organ of our understanding, and thus is not something merely thought, but something real, is manifested most plainly precisely by the instruments of the orchestra, of which each instrument, endlessly more manifold but in changeful and united co-operation with other instruments, utters it clearly and intelligibly.*

* This simple explanation of the "unspeakable" might, not, unjustly, be extended to everything appertaining to religious philosophy, which, from the point of view of any speaker is declared by him *absolutely* unspeakable, and yet, of itself, it is decidedly speakable, if only the suitable organ be employed.

(To be continued.)

FIRE AT MESSRS. J. AND J. HOPKINSON'S PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY.—A most extensive conflagration occurred on Saturday night, and lasted till Sunday evening, in the manufactory of Messrs. J. and J. Hopkinson, situate in Diana-place, New-road. The origin of the fire could not be ascertained. The premises were partially insured in the North of England and County fire-offices. Messrs. Gray and Davison's organ factory narrowly escaped. The end of the Gothic roof of their organ loft having caught the flames, several engines were at once directed to the spot, and, luckily, the building, which was full of organs, in various stages of completion, was saved.

* "Sea-voyage" and "Ship-voyage." What the author means we cannot say.—TRANSLATOR.

† No object can ever be exactly similar to the object with which it is compared, the similarity only holding good in one direction and not in all; objects which perfectly resemble one another are never those of organic, but only those of mechanical formation.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—(January 14—*from a Correspondent*).—The musical season of Paris has now fairly begun. Yesterday, the *Société des Concerts* gave their first performance for the year, in the Salle du Conservatoire, and, as usual, every available seat, every corner that afforded even standing room, was occupied. Here is the programme:—

Beethoven's symphony in D; recitative and air from Winter's *Tamere-lane*—solo and chorus from *Castor and Pollux*, by Rameau; andante and scherzo, from a quintett by Reicha, for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon; Haydn's symphony in C—chorus from Lesueur's *Alexander*.

I cannot but think Haydn's symphony, beautiful as it undoubtedly is, would have been more effective if placed in the programme *before*, instead of *after* that of Beethoven. A similar mistake—such it seems to me—was committed last year at these concerts, when an andante by Haydn was performed after the C minor symphony of Beethoven. I am not sure, however, that the French look upon these matters from the same point of view as ourselves. The audience does not seem to appreciate so much the general design of a composition as the elegance, neatness, and brilliancy with which particular phrases are rendered by individual performers. The *andante* in Haydn's symphony affords great scope for this species of display; and as flute, oboe, violoncello, and bassoon, each in turn gave out the theme, or variations, the artists were greeted with universal applause. Again, the fragment of Reicha's quintett—in itself patchy and uninteresting, devoid of anything like continued and sustained melody—was very nearly encored, despite its dryness, because it abounds in passages calculated to show off to advantage the admirable execution of the artists by whom it was performed. In fact, both these pieces were, perhaps, received with greater warmth than Beethoven's symphony, which, however, was played to perfection. For elegance and unity of reading, the orchestra of the Conservatoire by far excels any other that I ever heard. The melody, begun by one instrument, is carried on, or responded to, by others, without the slightest perceptible break—each, so to speak, seems to play into the hands of the other—the individual performer never forgets whether, for the time being, he is leading or merely accompanying; and thus Hector Berlioz' idea—his *ideal**—is realized—the conductor becomes a performer, having at his absolute command the resources of one vast instrument. The Germans, as we know, are for ever dreaming of Unity. I am not sufficiently acquainted with their orchestras to say whether they have gone as far towards the attainment of musical unity as their French neighbours, but I confess that I am somewhat disposed to doubt it. The vocal are generally far inferior to the instrumental performances at these concerts. M. Bussine, it is true, sang Winter's air most creditably; he is a thorough musician, and possesses a good method of singing; but the execution of the solo part in *Castor and Pollux* was worse than indifferent. Both audience and performer (one of the pupils of the Conservatoire) seemed heartily glad when it was ended. I am not aware that I ever heard any music of Lesueur's in England, but I think the chorus from *Alexander* would be received as a not unwelcome novelty, if I am right in supposing that it is unknown to the majority of our concert-goers. At all events, it held its ground with credit among the compositions I have named above; and, though last, was perhaps not least worthy of approbation.

BERLIN.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser* was produced, for the first time at the Royal Opera-house, on Monday last. The following was the cast: Elizabeth, Madlle. Johanna Wagner; Venus, Mad. Herrenburger; Tannhäuser, Herr Theodor Formes; and Wolfram, Herr Radwanner. The scenery was painted by Professor Gropius; and the whole opera got up under the superintendence of Herr Dorn. It was successful; indeed, to read what some "critics" say of this musician of the "Future," one would imagine that Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn had never existed. As a matter of course, Dr. Franz Liszt came from Weimar, expressly to assist at the first representation.

The last of the first series of concerts given by the Orchester-

Verein, took place on the 5th inst. The programme comprised Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus*, and his *Fantasia* in C major for piano, orchestra and chorus; Haydn's *Sturm*, and Ferdinand Hiller's Symphony in E minor. The last-mentioned work, which is new here, was received with decided favour. In consequence of the success attending the first series, a second series of these concerts is announced.

His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Weimar has addressed the following letter to Herr Dorn:—

"I convey to you herewith the expression both of my satisfaction and my thanks, for the pianoforte edition of your *Niebelungen*, which has been forwarded me. In the same proportion that I am but little astonished at the recognition of your work, for the true and beautiful must, because it is true and beautiful, at last find recognition, do I greatly rejoice that this recognition of you is shown at present, and so extensively. May this spur you to new activity on a road on which you have entered so laudably, a road and an activity for both of which I wish you success from my heart, and with the sincerity which flows from the strongest motive: that of admiration. To what I have said I add the expression of my especial esteem, which is, therefore, the better founded, and which is entertained for you by

"Yours,

CARL ALEXANDER."

Besides writing the above, the Duke, on the occasion of the first production of *Tannhäuser* here, presented Herr Dorn, through Dr. Liszt, with the insignia of the Grand Ducal House-Order of the White Falcon.—The first of the present month was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Herr Mantius' *début* at the Royal Opera-house. Herr Theodor Formes seized the opportunity to present his colleague (the well-known tenor) with a silver goblet. It is the intention of Herr Mantius to retire from the stage on the first of April next.

AMSTERDAM.—At the first of the musical *soirées* (on the 29th December,) given by the "Society for the encouragement of music in Holland," Ferdinand Hiller's oratorio, *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, was performed under the direction of the composer. This fine work had the greatest success. The solos were confided (with the exception of one) to *dilettanti*. The alto and tenor particularly distinguished themselves. The chorus and orchestra were magnificent under the leading of the *chef-d'orchestre*, M. Van Bree. The fifth concert (on the 4th Jan.) of the society, Felix Meritis, was the best we have heard during the season. After a clever concert overture, composed by M. Van Bree, M. Ferdinand Hiller played a concerto on the piano of his own composition, a *chef-d'œuvre* of fancy and ingenious instrumentation. The second part of the concert began with a new grand symphony (MS.) by the same author. This beautiful composition (very well performed) raised the audience to enthusiasm, and M. Hiller was recalled several times. He then placed himself at the piano, and improvised on the themes in M. Van Bree's overture, which had opened the concert, as well as on the air, "Grâce," from *Robert le Diable*, which Mdle. Froshart had sung in a very tasteful manner. This lady also acquitted herself very well in Beethoven's "Ah, perfido." Hiller's fine overture to *Fedra* (MS.) closed this excellent *soirée*.—*Guide Musical* (Brussels).

HAMBURG.—(From a Correspondent, 10th January).—Herr Carl Formes appeared here yesterday, for the first time, as Sir John Falstaff, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, an opera by Nicolai, and created a *furor*. The part suited him marvellously, and throughout the whole opera the audience were delighted with his impersonation of the "fat Sir John." Madlle. Kreyssel was successful as Mrs. Ford, and Madlle. Lanner's arrangement of the incidental dances elicited warm applause. The whole performance was highly satisfactory.

GREENWICH.—On Thursday evening, the 10th, Mr. Henry Morley's annual concert took place, at the Lecture Hall. The vocalists were—Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Dolby, Mr. J. L. Hatton, Mr. H. Drayton, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Solo pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper; solo violin, M. Sinton; conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. There was an overflowing audience, and the arrangements made by Mr. Morley, for the convenience of the company, deserved high credit.

* See *Voyage Musical en Allemagne*.

THE VOLUME FOR 1854.

THE Publishers have the pleasure to announce that they have been able to complete a few copies of the Volume of the *Musical World* for 1854, which includes the biographies of Mozart and Mendelssohn; and the sketches of Braham, Sims Reeves, and Clara Novello. This Volume will be ready in a few days, bound in cloth, price 20s. uniform with

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NOTICE.

SEVERAL complaints having been made by subscribers of the irregular delivery of the *Musical World* in London, the Publishers beg again to state that they have no control whatever over the circulation of the paper in town. The sale of the *Musical World* in London is entirely in the hands of the News Agents, to whom all complaints on the subject must be addressed. The Publishers beg to remind subscribers who do not receive the paper regularly, that their easiest remedy for this neglect, is to transfer their orders to other newsvenders.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPES.—Does our correspondent wish his letter to be printed, or merely to have his questions answered? If the former, he must send us his card. If the latter, we will endeavour to satisfy his curiosity next week—that is, so far as we are able, which is not very far.

OPERATICO.—Mad. Angri, the contralto, is at present at Turin, where she has recently appeared as Angelina in Cenerentola.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19TH, 1856.

If any one is to be envied in the world of music it is surely Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, sole possessor of the original manuscript of *Don Giovanni*. How she came possessed of it has been known for some months to many; and those who are unacquainted with the circumstances may inform themselves by perusing, in another column, the translation of an article from the pen of M. Louis Viardot, which originally appeared in the French weekly journal, *L'Illustration*. They will there be able to see how the manuscript is traced to the fountain-head, and satisfactorily proved to be Mozart's original copy. It has, however, one important omission, viz.:—the whole of the recitative between Don

Giovanni and Leporello, preliminary to the duet, "*Statua gentilissima*," and in which are heard the first solemn warnings addressed to the incurable profligate, by the spectral effigy of the *Commendatore*. The absence of this is explained by M. Viardot; but it would be advisable for that gentleman to complete the value of his lady's purchase, by seeking for and appropriating the missing leaves, upon which is written one of the remarkable pages in the most astonishing of operatic "partitions."

Will it be credited that the original score of *Don Giovanni* was offered by M. and Mad. Streicher (its owners by heritage from M. André) to the Imperial Library of Vienna, to the Royal Library of Berlin, and to the British Museum, and successively declined by those distinguished national institutions, although a very moderate sum (the precious nature of the relic considered) was asked by the would-be-vendors. We care little about the meanness, and want of veneration for departed greatness, displayed in the Austrian and Prussian capitals; but of our London metropolis we are utterly ashamed. What!—not £200 to spare for the MS. of Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*, when thrice the amount would hardly have been refused for a collection of shrivelled caterpillars! And this, too, in the richest and most populous city of the world, where, probably, the opera of *Don Giovanni* is more familiar, and certainly more generally appreciated, than anywhere else. Really the authorities in whose hands is vested the conduct of our national institutions require to be more carefully looked after. To decline the acquisition of Mozart's manuscript, at so paltry a price, was not merely contemptible on the part of the British Museum. It reflected disgrace upon this country, the birth-place of Shakspeare, which should be the foremost to recognise the worth of that second Shakspeare, who, in another language, was almost as universal as our own immortal poet.

It is useless to say much more. The contempt has been shown to the memory of Mozart, not by the English nation—for, if we are not greatly mistaken there are very many among us who, had they been apprised of its being in the market, would have given much more than the sum specified for so inestimable a treasure—but by the petty officers of the British Museum. These persons, whoever they may be, should not have dared to take so much upon themselves, without first appealing to the public, through the medium of the press or otherwise. There are many societies, choral and instrumental, in England, Ireland, and Scotland, that would have been eager to subscribe for the possession of such a manuscript? But the thing was not made public. Only a few individuals were aware that the original score of *Don Giovanni* was, for a length of time, in England, in possession of Herr Pauer, the pianist and composer, who held it in trust for M. and Madame Streicher, to make the best bargain he could, but who seems to have entrusted his secret only to a small private circle of acquaintances, and, after the refusal of the British Museum, possibly thought he had done all that was necessary in the matter. At any rate Herr Pauer did not advertise the fact of his having the score of *Don Giovanni* for sale. Whether he was authorised to do so, or not, by its Viennese proprietors, we are in no condition to decide; but if he was, he neglected his duty, and if he was not, he might just as well have locked up the manuscript in an old iron box. As it is, we can only consider that the original copy of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* has been presented to Mad. Viardot, as a gift offering, by M. and Mad. Streicher, through the medium of Herr Pauer. £200 is a ridiculous price for it. The English nation, we insist,

would have given ten times the sum to possess it; and under the circumstances, it is not too much to aver that Herr Pauer owes to the public to explain *why*, when charged to offer the manuscript to the English nation (to sell it in England), he neglected to inform the English nation that he was entrusted with such a commission.

We congratulate Madame Viardot, nevertheless, on her good luck, and entirely sympathise with her husband when he says, speaking of the MSS. of Mozart:—

"But there is one among them, and the most precious, which the city that allowed it to go shall never re-possess, and which a simple artist will refuse to the desire of a sovereign. This is the autograph manuscript of *Don Giovanni*."

It is not with Madame Viardot that we are angry (although we may be jealous), but with Herr Pauer, and still more with the British Museum. Only in one contingency should we have been satisfied to remain non-possessors of this most valuable of autographs. *Don Giovanni* was composed for Prague, when Mozart, in grateful enthusiasm for their appreciation of his *Figaro* (which failed in Vienna), placed the inhabitants of Prague at the head of musical judges, and dedicated to them the first fruits of what he knew instinctively was to be his masterpiece. Had Prague purchased the original score of *Don Giovanni*, and deposited it in its archives, we should have been satisfied—nay more, we should have rejoiced; and even now we think the most graceful use to which Madame Viardot Garcia can put her cheaply-bought treasure, is to present it to the ancient capital of the kings of Bohemia.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—From the letters of Messrs. C. E. Stephens and J. H. Griesbach,* it seems that, in my last communication to your journal, I have been unjust both to the Sacred Harmonic Society and the (late) Harmonic Union. If so, I regret it, and am sure your readers will believe that I inadvertently, and not wilfully, misrepresented them.

The letter of Mr. Stephens places the fact of one error beyond dispute. Well, then, Mr. Stephens enjoyed the privilege of some free admissions for himself and his admiring friends, and *only* went to the expense of copying. It is consoling to know of this magnanimous display of liberality on the part of an institution which acted so differently in the case of Mr. Pierson; and there is nothing left for me but to compliment the Harmonic Union in general, and Mr. Benedict in particular, on having been the first to bring to light a work of such pretensions, the first to produce for the edification of a large and anxious audience an English symphony written in the same key as Mozart's "G Minor." At the same time I must insist that Mr. Stephens has taken advantage of my mistake to spread abroad a good deal of "use-(less)-ful information" about himself and his symphony, and to make the world aware that Mr. Benedict considers him a phoenix, and his symphony a phenomenon. It is well to have such a chance of emerging from obscurity, and better, through the medium of a fluent pen, to know how to put it to such good uses. Mr. Stephens should now get into Parliament.

My second mistake has been exposed with equal success (though in diction less polite) by Mr. Griesbach; and it only remains for me to felicitate the Sacred Harmonic Society in

* These letters, which are inserted in another column, were forwarded by us (as in duty bound) to our correspondent, "An English Musician."

general, and Mr. Bowley in particular, on having been the first to disinter and publicly present, under a new name, for the gratification of a curious multitude, an English oratorio which formerly rejoiced in the same title as Händel's *Belshazzar*. I may also suggest that, nearly two years having since elapsed, it would now be the time to do for *Daniel* what was done in 1854 for *Belshazzar*, to re-resuscitate it, as it were, under the shield of a third nomenclature—say *The Lion's Den*, or *Mene—Tekel—Upharsin*.

The energetic tone of Mr. Griesbach's letter carries with it far less weight than the diffuse placidity of Mr. Stephens. Nor am I altogether convinced, even now, that the disinterment of *Daniel* was a *bond fide* act of generosity on the part of the Sacred Harmonic Society. I should like to be told *what were the expenses* incurred by the society on account of the one performance. Will any of the vocal or instrumental performers who were engaged instruct me (with permission, Mr. Editor), through the medium of your columns? I am not sceptical; nor am I credulous. Mr. Griesbach accuses the *Musical World* of having given currency to the same misstatement for which I am arraigned. Now, if this be the case—for which I cannot vouch, but must take for granted on his authority*—it only goes to prove that the belief was very general at the time; and when belief is very general there is ordinarily some foundation for it.

However, and to conclude, I am not going to discuss the veracity of Mr. Griesbach, any more than the veracity of Mr. Stephens. I merely wish to defend myself from the imputation of having published statements which I knew to be erroneous. The argument of my last letter is not in any way affected by the fact of Mr. Stephens having a symphony performed, gratuitously, by one society, and Mr. Griesbach an oratorio by another. The only question raised, indeed, is one that touches very nearly the capacity of directors, who, from amidst the libraries of English compositions of all kinds with (then as now) little or no chance of a hearing, could find nothing more attractive to lay before the public.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Birmingham, Clarendon Hotel, Jan. 18th.

* The following is the passage to which Mr. Griesbach probably alludes:—"Another 'fact' was the production, at the far end of the season, of Mr. Griesbach's new oratorio—or rather old oratorio, *Belshazzar's Feast*, under the new name of *Daniel*. This was the first original work ever given by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and therefore marks an important epoch in the progress of the institution. Whether the mark will be recognised hereafter as a white mark, or as a black one, we leave others to decide. We may fairly question, however, the policy of the committee in selecting a composition of such indifferent merit, and the liberality of allowing the author to pay all expenses incurred by the performance. As an avowed entertainment for Mr. Griesbach's personal friends and admirers, the performance of *Daniel* would have been quite legitimate, and there would have been nothing to call for reprehension; but, since it was brought before the public under the name and sanction of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the directors of that Society are responsible for the consequences. What those may be time will shew. Meanwhile, it is not too much to say that the confidence of the public in the judgment of those entrusted with the management has been shaken, if not annulled; and that a blow has been struck at the reputation of the Sacred Harmonic Society, from which it will take years of good deeds to recover."—*Musical World*, August 5th, 1854.

RACHEL.—Accounts from Havannah state, that this great tragedian has arrived in a very bad state of health, and that her medical advisers have prohibited her performing for several months.

REVIEWS.

- No. 1.—"ALLEGRO MAESTOSO," for the Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. By A. R. Reinagle.
 No. 2.—"A MORNING SERVICE IN G," with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Pianoforte, and dedicated to the Right Hon. the Earl of Dartmouth, by Henry Pearson.
 No. 3.—"QUINTUOR," pour Piano, Alto, Violoncello, and Contrebasse (or 2nd Violoncello), composé et dédié à Monsieur G. Perkins, par G. A. Macfarren.

No. 1 ("Allegro Maestoso") is a good dashing violin piece, with an unusual quantity of double-stopping in the passages of *bravura*, and a very easy and convenient pianoforte accompaniment. For novelty of idea we may search in vain; but the whole is well written, and although there is too much of what Herr Wagner would call "absolute fiddling," the plan of the *morceau* is intelligible and concise.

Mr. Pearson's "Morning Service" (No. 2) cannot be arraigned for excess of ingenuity. It has, nevertheless (if nothing else), the merit of clearness; and that quality often atones in a great measure for hyper-simplicity. The only portions of Mr. Pearson's work which the composer of the "Future" would be likely to designate as "music elaborately trifling with itself," occur at page 8, where the words, "Day by day we magnify Thee," are set to a clever though short *fugato*, and at page 15, where the words, "World without end, Amen," are treated in a similar manner. The rest is as simple as a hammer; and "that's the humour of it." "Useful," we must certainly admit, Mr. Pearson's Morning Service to be, but "ornamental" as certainly not. It is, doubtless, however, well suited to the capacities of the choir at St. James's Church, Slaithwaite (near Huddersfield), at which sacred edifice Mr. Pearson officiates as organist, and (we have been told) with great talent.

Mr. Macfarren's pianoforte quintet in G minor (No. 3) has often been eulogised in the *Musical World* as one of its composer's ablest and most genial works; and we are glad to find German music-publishers (the Messrs. Schott of Mayence) setting a good example to our own firms, by presenting it to the world in so very handsome a shape. As this quintet has been so often performed in public, besides having been written many years past, it would be supererogatory to criticise it in detail. We, nevertheless, recommend it to the attention of all lovers of healthy music, as worthy of association with the best compositions for the chamber, or the concert-room, that have been bequeathed to us by the great masters. We trust that its publication in Germany may (like the works of Mr. Sterndale Bennett) exercise some influence in spreading the reputation of English musicians.

"THE GLOW-WORM," Glee for four voices, the music by Charles Coningsby.

Mr. Charles Coningsby's four-part glee, "The Glow-worm," may be commended for freshness of melody and good writing for voices. There is also something in the character of the music that expresses with equal quaintness and felicity the quiet sentiment of Cowper's pretty verses, which will be recognised by the first stanza:—

"Beneath the hedge, or near the stream,
 A worm is known to stray,
 That shows by night a lucid beam,
 Which disappears by day.
 Disputes have been and still prevail
 From whence his rays proceed,
 Some give that honour to his tail,
 And others to his head!"—

The fault of this glee is that there is too much in it of the key of B flat, and too large an administration of "full closes." The transition to G minor, on the words "Nor crush, nor crush a worm," (page 4) is quite a relief.

No. 1.—"GENEVE." Morceau de salon pour le piano. Par Rudolf Nordmann.

No. 2.—"LA MIA LETIZIA." For the pianoforte. By Rudolf Nordmann.

Pleasant, very useful, and wholly unambitious *morceaux de salon*, for performers of moderate capability. The first is founded on that very melodious theme recognised as "De Beriot's 6th Air;" the second has for subject the most broad and racy melody in Verdi's opera of *I Lombardi*. It is to M. Nordmann's credit that he has made both subservient to his ends, without defacing or otherwise maltreating either.

"SEBASTOPOL; OR, A CHEER FOR THE BRAVE." Song. The Poetry by Henry Cinnamond; the Music by Albert Dawes, Organist of the Victoria Hall, Belfast.

We cannot except the present song from the *index expurgatorium* to which we have felt it our duty to consign so many ballads and musical compositions relating to the siege of Sebastopol and other events connected with the Crimean campaign. We object to them on principle; and there is nothing, either in the poetry of Mr. Cinnamond, or the music of Mr. Dawes, to induce us to waive our objection.

No. 1.—"VALE DE L'HIVER," des Vêpres Siciliennes de Verdi, par Henri Laurent.

No. 2.—"LA SICILIENNE," des Vêpres Siciliennes, par Madame Oury.

The *Valse de l'Hiver* (No. 1) is a transcription for the piano of one of the liveliest, most *tuneable*, and most spirited things in the ballet of the *Quatre Saisons*, from Verdi's last and most successful opera. The first *valse* figure is charming; and the others are nearly (No. 2 perhaps quite) as good. M. Laurent has added an introduction and *coda*.

In No. 2 Madame Oury, the accomplished pianist, has provided us with a very brilliant and highly effective arrangement of the celebrated *Sicilienne* in the last act of the same opera, which during fifty representations, owing to its own sparkling character and the perfect singing of Madlle. Sophie Cruvelli, never once escaped an enthusiastic encore. Madame Oury has not been too accommodating to the means of moderate players; but those who are sufficiently advanced will find both practice and pleasure in the study of her version of the "*Sicilienne*," which besides other qualities, and notwithstanding the showy passages that adorn it, has the merit of being faithful to the original.

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the music by Carl A. Lane.

The poetry of the author of *Hiawatha* would alone recommend this Christmas carol, even were the music not as catching and appropriately simple as it really is.

"SNOW FLAKES AND CHRISTMAS BERRIES," Dance Album, composed by Auguste Manns.

This collection of dance music comprises six of the most recent inspirations from the brain of the new director of the Crystal Palace Band, successor of Herr Schallen, formerly musical autocrat of Sydenham. No. 1.—"Yule Log March"—is a quick step, which may be denominated, at the best, harmless. Not so No. 2—"The Mistletoe Waltz"—which, besides being what our allies call, a "*singerie*" of the German waltz composers, especially Strauss, contains melodious notes so repulsive to the harmony, that even Strauss *filz*, much less Strauss *père*, would not have admitted them in his most capricious moments,—instance the G natural, in that part of figure 4 which professes to be in the key of D flat and produces an effect as hideous as possible. No. 3, "The Snap-Dragon Polka," contains a very sudden and very ugly transition from C into E flat (page 12) but no other remarkable feature. Like its predecessors this has not a vestige of originality. No. 4, "The Chimes Redowa," is in the key of F, and should be called "Ding-Dong." In No. 5, "Sleigh-bell Schottische," there are some engraver's errors. These add piquancy and variety to those of Mr. Manns' own making, which are numerous. No. 6, "Snow-drift Galop," by the showers of disagreeable notes that are to be met in it, produces a sensation on the ear about as comfortable as the sensation produced on the eye

in the middle of a snow-storm, when the wind is adverse. *Bref*—"Snow-flakes" and "Christmas berries" can be compared to nothing better than the rinsings of Mr. D'Albert's bottles.

THEATRICALS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

A DRAMATIC performance took place on Thursday evening, in St. George's Hall. Colman the Elder's comedy of *The Jealous Wife* (compressed into three acts) was performed. The following was the cast:—

Major Oakley, Mr. Bartley; Oakley, Mr. Charles Kean; Charles, Mr. Leigh Murray; Lord Trinket, Mr. Walter Lacey; Russel, Mr. F. Matthews; Sir Harry Beagle, Mr. Harley; Tom (his servant), Mr. Cormack; John and Paris (Oakley's servants), Mr. Raymond and Mr. H. Saker; Lady Frelove's servant, Mr. Barsby. Lady Frelove, Mrs. Winstanley; Mrs. Oakley, Mrs. Charles Kean; Harriet, Miss Heath; Toilet, Miss Clifford; Lady Frelove's Maid, Miss Collins.

The performance gave satisfaction to the Royal and distinguished party.

MDLLE. CRUVELLI.—The marriage of this "Lady" with M. le Baron George Vigier, came off in Paris, on Tuesday the 8th January, not Saturday the 5th, as was stated. The civil contract was entered into before the Mayor of the 10th *arrondissement*, and the religious solemnization took place first in the Catholic Church of Saint-Thomas-d'Aquin, and afterwards at the Protestant Chapel in the Rue Chauchat. The witnesses on the husband's side were MM. Aubryac and the Vicomte de Beaumont; and those for the "Lady," M. Léon Gatayes and Captain Trotter. Mad. Cruvelli, mother, Mdle. Marie and M. Auguste Cruvelli, sister and brother of the bride, were present. The Baron and Baroness Vigier left Paris immediately after the ceremony for Germany.—*Le Ménestrel*.

FLORA-FABRI.—This well-known *danseuse*, whom Mr. Bunn introduced to the London public, in 1846, has made her appearance at the Bordeaux theatre as Giselle, in the *ballet* of that name.

MADLLE. RITA FAVANTI is in Paris. The French papers state that she has signed an engagement as *prima donna* with the director of the opera at Barcelona.

M. ADOLPHE ADAM.—A new comic opera, in one act, entitled *Falstaff*, the music by this fertile composer, was to be produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique, on Thursday last, for the *début* of M. Herman Léon—late of the Opéra-Comique.

MEYERBEER.—After the third performance of *L'Etoile du Nord*, the composer of the *Huguenots* left Vienna for Venice, where he will pass the rest of the winter, in obedience to the advice of his medical attendant.

M. VIEUXTEMPS, the celebrated violinist, has been giving concerts at Marseilles.

AUBER.—The new opera entitled *Manon Lescaut*, by this distinguished composer, is announced at the Opéra-Comique in Paris, on the 25th instant, with Marie Cabel (her first appearance at the Opéra-Comique) as the heroine.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE.—On New Year's-day, the 665th day of Mr. Buckstone's season at the Haymarket, a handsome service of plate was presented to him by the members of his company.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—On Wednesday evening, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was given (for the second time this season) under Mr. Hullah's direction. The principal singers were Mad. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves, W. H. Buckland, and Weiss. It is no little to Mr. Hullah's credit that he has done so much to popularise the earlier masterpiece of the greatest modern composer in the oratorio style. *St. Paul* probably, in this respect, owes more to Mr. Hullah than to the Sacred Harmonic Society.

THE ANCIENT CONCERTS.—A correspondent of *L'Europe Artiste*, writing from London, terminates his communication thus:—"We shall speak again of the Ancient Concerts, when tickets are sent to us"—"which," adds the Editor, "is after all very logical." Unfortunately the Ancient Concerts have been extinct since 1848.

PROVINCIAL.

CHELTEMHAM.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The concert of Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind, which has formed the topic of conversation for the last few weeks, took place on Wednesday, the 16th inst., in the Assembly Rooms, which were crowded to excess with all the rank and fashion at present staying at the "Queen of Watering Places." I subjoin the programme,* which appeared to give great satisfaction. The fair *cantatrice* excited the same amount of enthusiasm and applause that she does everywhere else. The "Nightingale" was to sing at a morning concert in the same rooms on the 18th, for which we heard that nearly all the places were taken.

* Our correspondent forgot to "subjoin" the programme, but here it is:—Part I. Sonata (G major) pianoforte and violin, Messrs. Otto Goldschmidt and Sainton, *Beethoven*. Rondo for voice, with violin obbligato, Madame Jenny Goldschmidt; violin obbligato, M. Sainton (*Il Rè Pastore*), Mozart. "Adelaide," Herr Reichardt, *Beethoven*. Reverie and Tarantella, pianoforte, M. Otto Goldschmidt, *Otto Goldschmidt* and Thalberg. Recit. and Aria, "Care compagne" (*Sonnambula*), Bellini. Madame Jenny Goldschmidt. Part II. Solo de Concert, violin, Sainton. Cavatina, "Quando lascia la Normandia" (*Robert*), Madame Jenny Goldschmidt, *Meyerbeer*. German Ballad, "Der Kuss," Herr Reichardt, *Marschner*. Sextuor, Finale of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, transcribed by Liszt. Pianoforte solo, M. Otto Goldschmidt. Scotch Ballad, "Auld Robin Gray," and Swedish Melody, "Herdsman's Song," Berg, Madame Jenny Goldschmidt.

GLOUCESTER.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The opera company whose names I gave you in my last, have had a successful season. They closed on the 11th with *Don Pasquale* for the first time in Gloucester. Miss Harland played Norina, Mr. Herbert, Ernesto; Mr. H. Corri, the Don; and Mr. Dussék, Dr. Malatesta. Without being hypercritical, it would be difficult to find fault with the manner in which they sang the music and acted their respective parts. A most enthusiastic recall ensued upon the fall of the curtain. As this is the fourth visit that this company has paid, they are now decided favourites with the inhabitants of the "fayre city." I would here take the opportunity of remarking one peculiar anomaly in the audiences of this place—I refer to encoring in a concert room. You know what they are, from your experience of the music meetings, where the habit of redemanding nearly every thing is a perfect nuisance. At a concert just before Christmas, out of fifteen pieces, eleven were encored. At the theatre the reverse seems to be the case, for although they applaud vociferously they seldom or never encore. I don't think, during the fortnight that the opera company played here, there was one encore.

Our spirited townsman, Mr. J. W. Needham, has entered into negotiations with a view to having Jenny Lind. Should the arrangements be concluded, she will probably visit us towards the latter end of this month or the beginning of next.

LEICESTER.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed for the first time in this town, on Monday week, and attracted a larger audience than has ever been assembled at a concert here before; upwards of 1,500 persons being present. The principal vocalists were—Mr. and Madame Weiss, Miss Fanny Huddart, Miss Julia Bleaden, Messrs. Cooper and Oldershaw. The band included the best performers in the town and neighbourhood, reinforced by Messrs. Willy, Harper, Baumann, H. Nicholson, C. Harper, Horton, Maycock, etc., from the London orchestras. The chorus was excellent. Mr. Alfred Nicholson conducted the performance, which afforded gratification to all present.

STRETTFORD.—A concert was given, on Monday evening, the 7th instant, by the Stretford Musical Society, under the direction of Mr. D. W. Banks. The vocalists were—Mrs. Wallack, Miss H. Wilkinson, Messrs. Perring, Guilmette, Baxter, Slater, Roberts, and Smith. Mr. Bembridge was the pianist. Mr. Guilmette was encored in two songs, and the same compliment was awarded to Mr. Perring, in a song from Verdi's *Rigoletto*.

LOCKWOOD.—A concert was given in the Lockwood National school-room, on Friday evening, the 11th inst., by Mr. Joseph Walker. The vocalists were Miss Whitham, Messrs. Walker, Hirst, Netherwood, and Garner; Mr. Battye's Glee and Madrigal Union, and the Lockwood Church choir. The Madrigal Union were encored in the "Tar's song;" Miss Whitham in the ballad

"Little Nell;" Mr. Garner in the song called "The Queen's Letter;" and an amateur (twice) in "A happy new year to us all." The audience was numerous, and the entertainment concluded with the National Anthem.

BALLYMENA (Ireland) Jan. 15.—Mr. Albert Dawes, organist at Belfast, who has lately taken the direction of vocal and instrumental classes in this town—gave a musical entertainment on Tuesday, the 8th, to a crowded audience. His performances on piano and violin were much applauded, and a new song of his composition, entitled "Sebastopol," was encored.

CLECKHEATON.—On Friday evening, the 11th inst, Miss Milner, assisted by Miss Bentley, Mr. George Bentley, Mr. Josh. Bentley, and Mr. Naylor, gave a concert in the large room at the George Hotel. The attendance was not numerous. Mr. H. Cooper performed solos on the violin, and was warmly applauded. Mr. C. Dawtrey, of Halifax, presided at the piano.

SHEFFIELD.—A performance of the *Messiah* was given last week at the Music Hall, and attracted a very large audience. The principal singers were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Freeman, Miss Bennett, Mr. Inkersall, Mr. Henry Phillips, and Master Joseph Warner. Mr. Booth conducted.

AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPTS

OF

MOZART'S "DON GIOVANNI,"

BY LOUIS VIARDOT.

(Translated from the "Illustration.")

WHEN we call to mind the superiority which, for more than a century, Germany has acquired in the musical art, and the immense glory which has been conferred upon her by her great composers, we are naturally surprised and indignant at the ingratitude with which she has repaid the most illustrious of her children. Behold their fate! To escape from obscurity and misery, Händel was compelled to quit his country, to write operas in Italy, and oratorios in England. With Gluck the same thing happened: he left Germany, and composed at first for Italy and afterwards for France. If Bach and Haydn were enabled to exist and work in their native land, it was because the one was organist of the Prince of Anhalt-Cöthen, and the other *valet-de-chambre* to Prince Esterhazy. Living in a miserable house in a faubourg of Vienna, Beethoven, whom despair had almost induced to commit suicide, was indebted for support in his comfortless and solitary old age to the benevolence of a stranger, the Russian Prince Galitzin, who commanded and paid him in advance for his last works. Weber died in London, so poor as not to have left his family sufficient to defray the expenses of his funeral. Mendelssohn only escaped the fate of his predecessors by favour of his patrimony; and Meyerbeer, rich also from birth, was compelled, nevertheless, to follow the example of Gluck, and take his works, which have made the tour of the world, to Venice, and subsequently to Paris.

Though the most celebrated and the greatest, Mozart did not the less partake of the common lot. I have seen, in a small country house, near Vienna, the chamber where, overtaken with illness and doomed to an early death, he composed the last of his operas, the second he wrote in the German language—*Die Zauberflöte* (*Il Flauto Magico*). It was an attic, furnished with a camp-bed, straw chair, and deal table—in short, a servant's chamber. And when some obscure baron, who gave him his lodging there for charity, believed that he acted generously towards his guest whose name distinguishes to-day the house which he inhabited,* he was not ignorant that Mozart, when a child, had wrested admiration from the Court of France; that, when a young man, he had responded to the flattering compliments of the Austrian Emperor in language dignified and proud; that he was everywhere known, everywhere celebrated, everywhere respected. Nevertheless he lived with the servants; and when, a short time after, worn out by watching and incessant

labour, Mozart, at thirty-six years of age, younger than Raphael, was wearing himself out in misery, in neglect, in grief, at obtaining, too late, a little post of *Maitre de Chapelle*, which might have kept him alive; his mortal remains were carried away so secretly, that, since that time, the place of his interment has been sought in vain. It is a renewal of the history of Cervantes, another poor great man whom a tardy posthumous glory repaid for a whole life of misfortune. At the present day, however, ashamed of their long forgetfulness, the Germans are willing to render to the memory of Mozart the honours which Cervantes obtained from the Spaniards. At Salzburg, his native city, they have erected a bronze statue in the middle of the public place. At Vienna they are making every exertion to discover his tomb, to raise over this grave without a stone, a splendid monument; they are preparing a grand national *fête* to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of his birth (he was born the 27th of January, 1756); and are busy collecting, for the Imperial Library, all his important manuscripts.

But there is one of them, the most precious of all, which the city that suffered it to depart will never repossess, and which a simple artist will refuse to the desires of a sovereign. It is the autograph manuscript of *Il Don Giovanni*.

It is necessary briefly to relate its history.

By authentic declaration, given at Vienna, on the 12th of March, 1800, the widow of Mozart, Constance Lange, remembered that she had sold the almost complete collection of the manuscripts of the illustrious deceased—who died on the 5th of December, 1797—to M. Jean-Antoine André, of Offenbach, who, himself a distinguished composer, had founded in this city the first great establishment which Germany possessed for the engraving and printing of music. According to the biography of Mozart, written by Counsellor Nissen, second husband of his widow, this collection contained upwards of two hundred and fifty original manuscripts, all marked with their dates, upon the daily register which Mozart had kept of his compositions, from his childhood to the last days of his life, and which resembles the *Livre de Vérité* of Claude Lorraine. M. André prided himself on preserving, while he lived, the entire collection of Mozart's manuscripts, and numbers of amateurs of these venerable curiosities remember well seeing them at his house. When M. André, died, some years since, his three children shared among them this interesting portion of their inheritance, and the manuscript of *Don Giovanni* fell to his daughter, Mdle. Augustine André, married to M. Jean Baptiste Streicher, manufacturer of musical instruments to the Austrian Court. M. and Mad. Streicher offered the manuscript, at first, to the Imperial Library of Vienna, then to the Royal Library of Berlin, then to the British Museum of London. Three times the same answer was returned. While acknowledging the well-established authenticity of the manuscript, the directors of these public establishments deplored the want of funds and the impossibility of collecting more than specimens of the writing of all the great musicians, as of all the great writers. It was upon the refusal thus formally expressed by the British Museum, that Mad. Pauline Viardot, a few months since, came into possession of the precious manuscript of Mozart, and carried it with her from London to Paris.

We have thus had leisure to examine the manuscript, and perhaps the lovers of the Raphael of music will learn with interest some curious particulars which this examination has revealed.

The score of *Don Giovanni*, containing in all about 575 pages, is written upon thick Italian paper, oblong, and having no more than twelve staves. It was not the custom to rule paper of folio size after the manner of modern composers, for their complicated and noisy orchestras. At the same time Mozart had already enriched his score with so many new instruments that, in the *morceaux d'ensemble*, where the voices took a prominent part, the Italian paper was insufficient. On such occasions he transferred the parts for the wind instruments, or "*harmonie*," as the French call it, upon detached pieces of paper, which he called in German *Extra-Blatt*. His usual orchestra is always so disposed that the violins and tenors occupy the first staves at the top of the sheet, whilst the violoncellos and contra-basses,

* Mozart-Hof.

placed upon the same line, occupy the lower staves. Thus, it is in the middle of what they call the "quartet" that Mozart notes the parts for the wind instruments and those for the voices. It is easy to see, from the difference of the ink and the pen, that he wrote at first, with the melody, the stringed quartet, and that he subsequently added the "harmonie," unless to accompany the voice he imagined at the same moment some special effect for the wind instruments. The manuscript throughout is very correct, very neat, almost without erasures. Mozart evidently did not write down a piece until he had composed it entirely in his head. Such are the manuscripts of Rossini, and of all composers endowed with rapid invention and great memory, who neither fumble on the piano nor on paper for their ideas. If by chance a note is ill-written or blotted, Mozart explains its name underneath by a German letter. Moreover he displays throughout the most minute care in writing his music correctly and according to the severest rules of the science of harmony. As for the words, they are Italian, written with a German pen; and frequently, in his autograph, shorter, more easy to sing, and better adapted to vocal effect than in the printed score.

The manuscript of *Don Giovanni* is entire and complete. It contains all the *morceaux* which composed the first *partition*; even those which, for so long a time, and everywhere out of Germany, have been omitted from the representation; such as an air for Masetto, one for Donna Elvira, one for Don Giovanni, one for Leporello, and the second part of the last finale. I find in it also even the *morceaux* which Mozart afterwards added, the air of Don Ottavio, "Della sua pace," and the air of Donna Elvira, "Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata," which are dated with his own hand, the one the 24th, the other the 30th of April, 1788. Of all the *morceaux* comprised in the actual *partition*, only one is wanting. It is the recitative which commences, in the second act, the scene of Don Juan and Leporello in the cemetery, and which includes the admonition of the statue of the Commandant, "Di rider finirai." But this hiatus, so much to be regretted, is historically explained. The scene opens brusquely with the duet, "O statua gestilissima." During the rehearsals Mozart perceived how much this duet would gain by being preceded by a recitative. According to tradition, setting himself immediately to work with his poet, the Abbé da Ponte, he bent his knee to make a table, and wrote this recitative upon a loose sheet of paper, which he forgot to attach to the rest of his manuscript.

Happily he did not exhibit the same negligence in his overture, seeing that it was composed somewhat after the same fashion, impromptu. There is nothing more curious in the annals of music than the history of this *chef-d'œuvre* in a *chef-d'œuvre*, which he entitles, by a species of barbarism, "ouverture." We know that *Don Giovanni* was represented for the first time, at the Italian theatre at Prague, in Bohemia, on the 16th of October, 1787. Mozart arrived the day before, and the overture was not composed. Perhaps he did not wish to write it. But his friends, as well as the singers, solicited him to comply with the general custom. On the same evening, the 15th, he shut himself up in his chamber at the inn, had a bowl of punch made, and entreated his wife to amuse him with fairy tales. He was a child, like our own La Fontaine:—

"Si peu-d'âne m'était conté,
J'y prendrais un plaisir extrême."

But soon, the muse coming to inspire him, he dismissed his wife, laid aside his glass, extinguished his pipe, and suddenly, without break or stop, without correction, without retouching, wrote the overture from beginning to end. On looking at the manuscript, which shows only one kind of ink, one pen, and one handwriting, it is easy to see with what incredible rapidity, how carried away, and with what haste he conceived and projected on paper this powerful symphony. Composed, then, in the course of the night, the overture was written out in parts the morning of the next day, and played in the evening from copies still moist, at first sight, without any rehearsal. Mozart directed, and, after their *tour de force*, turned towards the orchestra, whom he thanked with great warmth, "although," he added smiling, "many of the notes have fallen under the desks." A little after—perhaps the following year, when he added two

new airs to this *partition*, which was now beginning to be understood and appreciated—he wrote upon a detached leaf—upon an "*Extra-Blatt*"—a new termination to the overture,* in order that, by ending on the tonic, in D, in place of joining itself by a modulation with the introduction which commences in F, it could be played apart from the opera, as a *morceau de concert*.

A lively controversy has arisen as to whether Mozart wrote for choruses in his score of *Don Giovanni*; or, at least, whether he wrote all those which are heard at present on the stage in every country. Many have doubted it, and with reason. One glance at the manuscript and all uncertainty ceases, all question is set aside. The chorus, probably weak and inefficient in an Italian *troupe*, collected in the middle of Germany, were allotted, in the original plan of Mozart, a very small and unimportant part. He permits them to sing three times only: on the entrance of Zerlina and Masetto, to give in response an "Ah! Ah! Ah!" prolonged to the *refrain* in the duet, "Giovinette, chi fate; all'amore;" then at the commencement of the first finale, to sing with Don Giovanni, "Tu svegliati vi da bravi;" and in the second finale to imitate the concert of devils who carry off Don Giovanni into the abyss. But that which is usually called a chorus, "Viva la libertà," should only be sung by the seven artists, who, between the death of the *commendatore* and his apparition in effigy, constitute all the personages of the drama. These seven persons, also, should alone sing the grand finale of the first act, even the *stretta*, where now they make use of masses of singers. It is ridiculous enough, indeed, to behold, figuring in the saloons of a noble cavalier like Don Juan, a band of peasants,† the wedding party of Zerlina, the *Contadina*. Despite, however, of this little anomaly, Mozart's work has gained an advantage by the addition of the chorus, which was not at his command when he wrote it: and doubtless this powerful reinforcement to the score will never again be suppressed. It is necessary to remark that, in this finale, having no *entré* on the scene, no parts to sustain, and being dumb as far as the *stretta*, even to the words, "Tremate, tremate, scelerato," the chorus are bound to follow and to double, or, if necessary, to strengthen indefinitely the parts of the soloists. They divide themselves according to the nature of their voices, the *soprani* singing with Donna Anna, the *contralti* with Zerlina, the tenors with Don Ottavio, the basses with Masetto. Don Juan only shows himself more resolute, more intrepid, and more strong (if his voice and his bearing suffer for it, as in the days of Garcia), when he holds his head unmoved in the presence of this excited and tumultuous crowd; and when he escapes from them like a wild boar, confronting the dogs that worry him.

(To be continued.)

* It is generally believed that Winter wrote the concert *coda* to the overture to *Don Giovanni*.—Ed. M. W.

† The peasants (the whole of Zerlina's and Masetto's wedding guests) are invited by Don Giovanni, through the medium of Leporello.—Ed. M. W.

LEIPSIC.—(From our own Correspondent.)—At Christmas the first half of our Gewandhaus concerts terminate. The tenth takes place before, and the eleventh on the first day of the new year. At the tenth concert, which fell on the 20th Dec, 1855, the following was the programme:—

Overture to *Faniska*, Cherubini; symphony, No. 4 (B flat major), N. W. Gade; aria, from *I Puritani*, Madame von Holdorp; clarinet concerto, of David, performed by Herr Landgraf; four songs, with piano accompaniment, sung by Madame von Holdorp; *Dithyrambe*, by Schiller, composed for men's voices and orchestra, by Kappellmeister Rietz.

The orchestra was excellent, especially in M. Gade's symphony. Madame von Holdorp's singing wants style and correctness, and many blemishes could be pointed out. Herr Landgraf proved himself a master of the clarinet, and combined execution with delicacy and taste. He is a member of the band, and was honoured with the loudest applause. The concerto was played for the first time, and pleased. The composition of our energetic Kappellmeister Rietz achieved a decided success.

The eleventh concert took place on the evening of the 1st of

January, before an unusually crowded audience. The pieces performed were:

Overture, *Zauberflöte*, Mozart; scena ed aria, *Fidelio*, sung by Madame Jenny Ney, from Dresden; valse, *Venzano*, by the same lady; Beethoven's C minor concerto, by M. Moscheles; symphony, No. 3, A minor, Mendelssohn.

The band was perfect in the overture and symphony. Mad. Ney was not so successful in the aria as in the valse, in which she had opportunity to "show off" her powers to the best advantage. Now-a-days so few good singers appear before this audience, that when they do come, they are received with demonstrations of joy. Such was the case with Mad. Ney. She was recalled several times, and repeated the valse with increased effect.

Though old in years, M. Moscheles is still young in art, if we may judge from the spirited and energetic manner in which he performed the concerto of Beethoven.

The twelfth Gewandhaus concert was on the 10th. The following was the programme:—

Haydn's symphony in G major; scene, aria, and duetto, from Spontini's opera, *Die Vestalin*; Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in G major, by J. Brahms; Spohr's overture to *Jessonda*; scene, with chorus, from the same opera; "cannon" and *novellette* of Schumann, by J. Brahms; chorus from Mendelssohn's *Edipus in Kolonus*.

The symphony of Haydn, which is full of solo points, went well; Spohr's overture, ditto; and both were applauded. The vocal *solis* were entrusted to Herren Schneider and Eilers, of the Paulienerverein. Of M. Brahms you have already heard. He is the same whom Robert Schumann prophesied would become one day the "light of lights," and establish a new era in music. To Schumann M. Brahms owes the station in the musical world he now occupies. We were very curious to hear this fair-haired prodigy, and, although only about eighteen, expected, from what we had heard of him, something next to supernatural. Nevertheless, after hearing him at the Gewandhaus, I can only myself pronounce him a piano-player of tolerable execution, possessing little genuine feeling, and, moreover, a regular "thumper." The cadenza in the concerto was unmeaning, and unworthy of such a composition.

At the theatre, Meyerbeer's *Nordstern* has been reproduced, and more justice done to the music than in the former representation. Herr Behr, as Peter the Czar, sang and acted admirably. In the tent scene, when he comes to himself, after having ordered Catharina to be shot, he was particularly impressive. Herr Schneider (Danilowitz) also sang in a praiseworthy manner. Auber's opera, *Die Falschmünzer* (*The Coiners*), after a pause of more than twenty years, has again been brought on the boards. However, it does not seem to please the public, who think it one of Auber's weakest works. That pretty opera of Lortzing, *Die beiden Schützen*, has often been given, and each time to full houses. Herr Denzin, as Peter, kept the audience in roars of laughter whenever he came on the stage, and was called for unanimously more than once. *Preciosa*—Wolff's drama, music by C. M. von Weber—was also given a few days ago, and with decided success. Weber's music possesses all those peculiar charms so prominent in his style. The part of *Preciosa* was allotted to Mlle. Bartelmann, a pretty black-eyed "gipsy," who played without energy or spirit. Herr von Oshegraphen, as the Captain, on the contrary, was full of both, and at times a little too full. Another production that has lately brought full houses is a *Volksmärchen*, called *Das Donauweibchen*. Music and drama are alike childish, yet it brings money to the treasury. Such is the taste of Leipzig theatre "goers." Should a classical opera be given, the house is not half full, and before the end they grow tired; but when an insignificant *Singspiel* is performed, there are crowds present eagerly listening and applauding the bad jokes of the actors. *Antigone*, that famous tragedy of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music, has, nevertheless, been repeated some four or five times, each time with a perfection which, I think, can scarcely be excelled. The actors, singers, and orchestra, performed their several parts splendidly, and did every justice, both to play and music. Nicolo Isouard's *Joconde* is to be revived shortly at the theatre.

Of the Mozart Festival we hear little; at present there is no

probability of anything extraordinary taking place. Surmises have been made, but I believe nothing has been "fixed" concerning this affair. Otto Jahn's biography of the above composer is to be published in two volumes, with references. The first has already appeared.

Allow me to draw your attention, Mr. Editor, to two letters which lately appeared in Nos. 2 and 3 of the *Leipziger Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, for this year, written by Professor Praeger (Hamm?), from London. Perhaps you may find something amusing in them.

BRUNSWICK.—At the next Sinfonie-Concert of the Ducal Capelle, Herr Alfred Dreyschock, from Leipzig, will appear, and, at the concert after that, Herr Ferdinand Hiller will produce his symphony, "Es muss doch Frühling werden," which seems to be attaining a very extended popularity.

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